SILVER PHIL'S DISMISSAL: A TALE OF WOLFVILLE. BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

WENTIENTON THE SUNDAT REPUBLIC.

"His name, consider, is 'Ellwr city prints,' in them social chargements of the Sauthwest, wherein haste is a fraction of the Republic white balls ever aimed at said one name of the republic set aimed at said one name of the suit of the solid carries are the said and the suit of the said set of the said said the suit of the said set to the glass as if by that method in circuit comes his way in a manner a lot located the scattered elements of a all ty. There was a passe. Then be lifted the glass to his ligs as one who being to evenly equipped with infernation all o purely expend that it arrive hand in hand with 15cm languages in which would held a tale from 1 to all is that well hadneed he's bound to

Pith is a disgentrate; leastwire flat to word Posta uses. An while I freely charge order I shift none too char as to just what a degentrate is. I stands ready to back Posta description to win. Posta is, bar to expressed william threene Sterrett, the best endicated sharp in Arizona; also the warket as to expressed views. Tharfore whom the expression of the expression of a special of a special of crime; and thar there are the extent as the expression of the expression of a special of crime; and thar pour the expression is their thar you be. "Silver I hill, we learns take—an' it shore postifies Posts in them therefore a car; savage, gore-thirsty, but the prideless, an ready to the source of the expression of the expression is the expression of the expres

namerally conceives a notion egin him the moment him an' they meets up.

'The first time I was Silver Phil, he's walkin' down the thekerram of the Red light. As he goes by the but, Black Jackwho's tearcangin' the mess paint on the shelf so it shows to advantage—gets careless an' group a beille.

"Crash!" It goes onto the floor.

Phill, all flustered.

"This Silver Phil makes no response, but sort o' grins plenty ghastly, while his breath comes quick. Still, while you all notes easy that this person's scared, it's breath comes quick.

notes easy that this person's scared, it's notes easy that this person's scared, it's frequent that a-way. I'm never much atraid of one of them cold game gents like Cherry of the consentation of them cold game gents like Cherry of the short of the mode game gents like Cherry of the short of the limit they'll never put a six-shooter in play till it's shortly come their turn. But timid, fever phil oces nothin', but garners in resist is located people, who's jedgment is bad an' who's prone to feel themse is in peril; they're the kind who kills. For myset, it was not the copper comes off the bet, who is jedgment is bad an' who's prone to feel themse is in peril; they're the kind who kills. For myset, it was not not the hoss ha'r that shuns all such. I won't say them erratic, quick-to-kill sports don't have courage; onquick-to-kill sports don't have courage; ontime of the same. It's free copper of with this yere half comes his way, well an' good. Silver Phil bet gent provided the skelp is forfeit. It turns out good for the saits, when his kyard starts to show ag'in him, however, that's different. In sech events, Silver Phil he return this proves so depressin' to Silver Phil bet proves so depressin' to Silver Phil he return the skelp is forfeit. It turns out good for the saits, when his kyard starts to show ag'in him, however, that's different. In sech events, Silver Phil he return the skelp is forfeit. It turns out good for the saits, when his breath, and the skelp is forfeit. It turns out good for the saits, when his breath, and the skelp is forfeit. It turns out good for the saits when his breath, and the skelp is forfeit. It turns out good for the saits, when his kyard starts to show ag'in him, however, that's different. In sech events, Silver Phil he return the skelp is forfeit. It turns out good for the saits, when his kyard starts to show ag'in him, however, that's different. In sech events, Silver Phil bet events still go onharmed, when by every roole, his skelp is forfeit. It turns o ly it strikes me—an' I've rede up on a heap of 'em—it's more like a fear-bit frecity that a-way than sand.

"Take Enright or Peets or Cherokee or Tutt or Jack Moore or Beggs or Texas
Thompson; you're plumb safe with them
gents, all or any. An' yet that ain't the
first glimmer of bein' gun-shy about one of
'em; they're as clean strain as the eternal
granite, an' no more likely to hide out from
danger than a hill. An' while they differs
from each other, yet they re all different
from sech folks as Silver Phil. Boggs, goin'
to war, is full of good-humored integrity;
gals an' confident; ready to start or stop
like a good hoss. Cherokee Hall is quiet
an' wordiess; he gets pale, but quick an'
deadly; an' his notion, nacheral, is to fight
for a finish. Peets is haughty an sooperior
from sech folks. Tutt or Jack Moore or Boggs or Texas Thompson; you're plumb safe with them gents, all or any. An' yet that ain't the first glimmer of beln' gun-shy about one of for a finish. Peets is haughty an' sooperior on them few o'casions when he onbends in battle an' comports himse'f like a gent who I flash, fights downhill; the same, endoubted, bein' doe to them book advantages of Peets which elevates him an' lifts him above the common herd a whole lot. Enright, who's the linaments of some party. That bowle oldest is, of course, slowest to embark in blood; an' pulls his weepons—when he does —an' all with sech force that the p'int of pull 'em-with a sir of sorrowful resigna-

Which I'm shorely saddest when oots', says Enright to me, as he reloads

his gun one time. hoomane sentiments, however, den't deter him none from shootin' quick an' simin' low, which latter babit makes Wolfville's honored chief a highly desp'rate

"Jack Moore, bein' as I explains former, shoeth' shoved onto him from time to an' fades into the street. Shore, Cherokee

"Shore, this filter Pall is lead now, as I never yet crosses up with the pert who's that semperations as to exact surger a It I was a long with dentes as the restrict Pall; has I never yet crosses up with the pert who's that semperations as to exact surger a It was a long with descript, son, from these that semperations as the restrict part of the course of that that's a mighty of the first of the course of the transfer of the "Doe Prote allow allows this yere Siver to title of Silver Park. It's the difference between right an arrong, one works from word Prote uses. An while I freely class a longular of pure series, the other is moved word I have been series at the content of a special of arring and that you be.

blazin' away intermittent over since, but allers crosel, crafty an' safe. It's got to

it, that a degenerate he is.

"Silver 17hi he ha little, dark, ignorant tousled he red party, none too mut in contain contain. He's as black and small and eviscering as a Mexican, still, you seem at a grance he shall no granger neither. An with all this yers surface wilk duess. Silver Phil has a guidek, hyster read way with him like a w man or a lead, and thank you can smell thad on Silver thil, and thank a whole on the level and most rolks to nacherally conceives a notion of the moment him and they meets up.

"The first time I was Silver Phil, he's walking down the licker some of the Red Light. As he goes by the hat, Black Lack who's rearranging the nose paint on the shelf so it shows to advantage—gets careless an other had only the house to advantage—gets careless an other had only the house to advantage—gets careless and the locker's he helder of finance would be as safely honest as a church. "Cherokee's the fields of finance would be as safely honest as a church." Cherokee's the field of finance would be as safely honest as a church. "Cherokee's the field of finance would be as safely honest as a church." Cherokee's the field of finance would be as safely honest as a church. "Cherokee's the field of finance would be as safely honest as a church." Cherokee's the field of finance would be as safely honest as a church. "Cherokee's the field of finance would be as safely honest as a church." Cherokee's the field of finance would be as safely honest as a church. "Cherokee's the field of finance would be as safely honest as a church." The first up to the lay-out an camps over Phil drifts up to the lay-out an' camps over back of the King-cod. He gets chips an' "With the sound, an' the enexpected and donners of it stample his norves, that a way. Silver Phil leaps into the air like a cat; an' when he 'lights, he's frontin' Black look an' a gun in each hand.

"Which I won't be took!" says Silver Phil wine three or four hets. Its

"Which I won't be took!" says Silver | speshid, an shoves the kyards.

Silver Phil wine three or four bets; it's "Silver Phil wine three or four bets; it's "Silver Phil wine three or four bets; it's "Silver Phil wine three or four bets; it's Nell that catches on to his racket an' signsup to Cherokee onder the table with her or. One glance an' Cherokee is loaded with information. This Silver Phil, "His eyes is gleamin" an' his face is pand an' his ugly grin gets even wider than before. But like a flash, he sees that's nothin to go in the air about nothin' that means him; an' he quick puts up his hardware an' it seems, in a spirit of avariee, equips himiting an' he quick puts up his hardware an' it seems, in a spirit of avariee, equips himiting an' him page. him; an' he quies puts up his man, and the quies hitnes f.

"You all conducts yourse'f like a sport who has something on his mind," says Texas Thompson, who's thar present at the time se, can't refrain from commentin' time se, can't refrain from commentin' some on the awful start that bottle smashhe's field the other end of the hoss'ha'r to his beit in front. This ha'r is jest long enough, as he's planted at the table that he way, so it reaches alce to them four a-way, so it reaches nice to them four neraest kyards—the king, queen, Jack, ten.

An' said ha'r is plumb invisible except to
eyes as sharp as Faro Nell's. The deceetful
Silver Phil will have a stack on one of 'em.

umphant, an' waitin' to be paid.
"Cherokee gets posted quick an' with one look. As sharp as winkin' Cherokee has a nine-inch bowle in his hand, an' with one

way of 'lustration an' empasis, lets fly the knife across the barroom. It comes like a " Chuck!

"Thar's a picture paper pasted onto the wooden wall of the the blade shows an inch an' a half on the other side of tat individuosal board. ther side of tat individuous nours.

"The next time I throws a knife in your Phil.

presence,' remarks Cherokee to Silver Phil, n' Cherokee's as cold an' p'isonous as a rattlesnake, 'it'll be la'nched at you,' "Silver Phil don't say nothin' in retort. He's aware by the lib'ral way Cherokee sep'rates himse'f from the bowie that said weepen den't constituete Cherokee's entire armament. An' as Silver Phil don't pack the sperit to face no seeh flash-light warthe executorif of the Stranglers an' responsible for law an' order, has a heap of rior, he acts on Cherokee's hint to vamos,



AS DAN STRAIGHTENS UP IN THE STIRRUPS HE TOSSES THIS SILVER PHIL ON HIGH TO THE LENGTH OF HIS LONG ARM.

don't cash that felon's chips none. He concamp, however, as this yere experience proves so depressin' to Silver Phil he removes his blankets to Red Log. That among them purblined tarrapins, its inhabitants, its likely he gets prosperous on' ondetected action on that little old ha'r cop-

The not only my belief, but likewise the pointons of sech foodicial sports as Enrishi, Peets an' Colonel Sterett, that this yere mayerick, Silver Phil, is all, sorts of a criminal. An' I wouldn't wonder none if he's a pure rustler that a-way; as ready to outflis some ers over in the San Simon coun

on all o'casions, I, as kettle tender to the Stranglers, is entitled to the first shot. When I uses the term "o'carion," nacherally I would be orderstood as alloodin' to affairs of purely social kind, an' not to robberies, hold-ups, hoss-larcentes an' other an' sim'lar transactions in coldly spec-latif crime when every gent defends his own. Speckin' social, however, I reasserts that by every roole of guidance, I'm entitled to the first shot. Which a doo regyard for them plain rights of mine, would go far to freein' Wolfville society that a-way from them bullets which occurs from time to time an' which even the most onconventional admits is shore a draw-back. All I can add as a closer,' conclouds Jack, 'is that I'll make haste to open on any sport who transgresses these yere flats, an' goes to shootin' first. Moreover, it's likely said offender finds that once I'm started, what I misses in the original deal, I'll make up in the draw, an' I tharfore hopes an' trusts

This yere Bird Cage Op'ry-house evenin', however, Jack is absent a whole lot. Dan Roggs is present an' is teanin' back, appreciatin' the show, an' the Valley Tan a heap impartial. Dan likes both, an' is em even jestice. Over opp'site to flau

that none will prove so sookidal as to put

"As the evenin' proceeds—it's about sixth drink time a caspoonl gun goes off over among the Red Dog band, and the lead tharfrom bores a hole in the wall clost to Dan's y'ear. Nacherally Dan don't like it. The show sort o' comes to a balk with the shot, an' takin' advantages of the inii, Dan arises in a listless way an' addresses the

Red Dog outfit. "I merely desires to inquire, says Dan, whether that shot is inadvertant or a mark of innocent jobilation an approval of the show, or is it meant personal to me? "You can bet your moccasin! shouts one of the Red Dog delegation, 'that's no good-

fellowship goes with that gun-play, that shot's formal an' serious, an' shore goes as

gen'ral-shoots into the flock like-at them picnickers from Red Dog, an a party who s plenty drank an bad his feet piled up on a table, goes shy his off big toe. I remarks veretofore, it's as well

Jack Moore ain't thar, Jack would have corralled something more momentous than a toe. Which Jack would have been shootin' in his capac'ty of Marshal, an' wouldn't onder sech circumstances have stooped to onder sech circumstances have stooped to toes none. But it's different with Dan. He. of course, is present private an' merely idlin' 'round, an' he ain't driven to take sech high ground. More partic'lar, since Dan's only playin' a recturn game, that a-way, all in the nacher of reproofs, un' to resent said onlicensed liberties them Red Dogs takes with him. Dan is free to accept "When Dan busts this yere incbriate, the

victim lams loose a yell ag last which even a coyote would protest. This set thinks he's shere killed. What with the scare, an' the pain, an' the nose paint, an' regrydin' himse'f as right then flutterin' an fritterin' about the rim of eternity, he gets seized with remorse an' allows he's out to confess his sine before he quits. As that's no sky pilot to confide in, this drunkard figgers Peets'il do, an' then he onloads on Peets that, bein' as he is a stage book-keep over in Red Dog, he's in ca-hoots with a outfit of route agents, an' gives 'em the word when it's worth while to start up the stage. ong others, this terrified person names that little outlaw Silver Phil. ore, when he rounds to, an' learns that

it ain't nothin' but a toe, this party's plumb then, he don't outline no campaign for lib-"This yere confidin' sport's arrested an "It's one particlar morning, some to

taken som'ers-Prescott mebby-to be; ried in a shore-enough co't for them robberies; the Red Dog Stranglers not bein' game to butt in with a lariat an' hang him a lot themse'fs. They surrenders him to the Marshal who rides over for him; an' they would have turned out Silver Phil too, only that small, black outcast don't wait none, but goes squanderin' off to unknown climes the detected action on that little old ha'r cop-per of his.
"It's not only my belief, but likewise the "The not only my belief, but likewise the keep ceases yelpin' an' sobbin' over that ab-

he's a pure rustler that a-way; as ready to stand up a stage as snake a play at farobank. This yere idee settles down on the Woifyllie intelligence on the heels of a vicissitoode or two wherein Dan Boggs performs, aff which gets pulled off over in the Bird Cage Op'ry-house. Jack Moore ain't than none that time. Usual, Jack is a constant deevotee of the dramy. Jack's not only a first-nighter, he comes mighty-clost to beln' a every-nighter. But this particlar evenin' when Boggs performs, Jack's rummagin' about some ers else.

"If Jack's thar, it's even money he'd ahad that second shot instead of Boggs; in which event, the results might have been something graver than this yere minoote

which event, the results might have been something graver than this yere minoote wound which Boggs confers. Which I'm confident Jack would have cut in that away with the second shot, for sech was his offishul system. Jack more'n once proclaims his position in them hehalfs.

"'By every rools of law,' says Jack, at sech epocks, when he declar's himse'f, an' call for a show-down hefore a Jedge an' jury. It takes days to try Silver Phil instanter. But no; after the procrastin' fashion of real law, they permits the little vilialne-who's no more use on the surface of Arizona that a-way than one of the rabid hydryphoby polecuts whose bit is death—to get a law sharp to plead for him an' call for a show-down hefore a Jedge an' jury. It takes days to try Silver Phil instanter. But no; after two procrastin' fashion of real law, they permits the little vilialne-who's no more use on the surface of Arizona that a-way than one of the rabid hydryphoby polecuts whose bit is death—to get a law sharp to plead for him an' call for a show-down hefore a Jedge an' jury. It takes days to try Silver Phil instanter. But no; after two procrastin' fashion of real law, they permits the little vilialne-who's no more use on the surface of Arizona that a-way than one of the rabid hydryphoby polecuts whose bit is death—to get a law sharp to plead for him an' call for a show-down hefore a permits the procrastin' fashion of real law, they permits the procrastin' fashion of real law, they permits the procrastin' fashion of real law, they permits the little vilialne-who's no more use on the surface of Arizona that a-way than one of the rabid hydryphoby polecuts whose bit is death—to get a law sharp to plead for him an' call for a show-down hefore a law is two weeks squanderin' about, gettin' witnesses; an all to as much trouble an loss of time an dinero as would suffice to round up the cattle of Cochise County. Enright an the Stranglers would have turned the trick in twenty minutes, an' never left the New York Store, outil with Silver Phil an' a lar-ia, they repairs to the windmill to put the fluinshin' touches on their labors.

"Still, dooms slow an' shiftless as they shore be, at the wind-up Silver Phil's found gusty a whole lot, an' is put in nomination be the presidin' alcaide to be lung; the time bein' set in a crazy-hoss fashion for : month away. As aliver Phil-which he's so but an' hard, he comes mighty clost to bein game-is leavin' the co'troom with the Mar shal who's ridin' herd on him he says;

"I ain't payln' much attention at this me,' Silver Phil fulkin' to that Marshal gent, 'bein' I'm thinkin' of something else but do I enderstand that old gray sport on the bench to say you-all is to hang me next

month?" "That's whatever," as one this yer Marshal gent, an you can gamble a bloo stack that hangln' you is n bet we am t none likely to overlook. Which we're out to put our whole grateful rouls into that "Now I thinks of it," observes Silver

is a drunken passel of sports from Red Phil. I'm clamb averse to bein hung. I Dog, said wretched hamlet bein behind rick as speakin free an free a bowen Wolfville, in that, as in all things else-fellow sports, that in order for that execontion to be a bindin' success, I'll have to be that personal?" 'It's one of them mighty few o'carlons,'

responds the Marshal, when your absence would sherely dash an' damp the gen'ral joy. As you says, you'll have to be than a heap when said hang no occurs.

"Tm plainb sorry, says Siver Phil, that

you-all lays out your game so that so much depends on me. The more so, since the longer I considers this yere rucket, the less likely it is I'll be thar. It's alm st a cinca. with the plans I has, that I is shore or some'ers else,'

They correls Several bil in the one big upper room of a two-st • doay, an' count; off a couple of Depty arrhais to gyard hm. These gyards, count, squ'r down to cases, sin't no imprivement, morst, on Sil-"My mind bein now citar on that subject of motif,' says Dan, 'the proper course is plain."
"With this yere retort, Dan slams away sentral shoots into the flock like at them oughter have been hung a heap before ever Stiver Phil is born. These two hold-ups. however, turns Dep'ty Marsha's in the cold age, an' as I states, is but in to stand watch an' watch, on' s e that Silver Phil den't work loose from them hobbies, an' go piroctin' off ag'in into parts onknown. SRver Phil is loaded with fetters-handcuffs an' laig-locks both an' these yere hold-ups sentries is armed to the limit. "It's the idee of Doc Peers later, when

he hears them d tails, that if the g, ards that time treats Silver Phil with kindness, this little felon most likely would have remained to be hung. But they don't: They abooses Silver Phil a heap; cussin' him out an' jammin' him about like he's caitle. They're shore a evil-tempered couple, them Dep'ties, an' they don't give Silver Phil no

sort o' peace.
"'As I su'gests peretofore,' says Do Peets, when he considers the case, 'this Sliver Phil is a degen'rate. He's like a ana-mile. He don't entertain no reg'iar scheme the Marshal; that's only a bluff. Later, when them gyards takes to malircatin him verbal, an' battin' him about, it wakes up yerbal, an' battin' him about, it wakes up Phil.

"Which she's the inalten'ble right of the constitution, to estimate the constitution of the constitution, to estimate the constitution of the constitut

"This Silver Phil, who's Hitle an' lean an' slim, like I explains at the jump, has hands no bigger than a cat's paws. It ain't no time when he discovers, by cuttin' himse'f some on the irons that he can shuck the 'It's that a-way these private citizens handcuffs whenever he's disposed. Even adjusts their dooty to the State, while

"It's one particlar morning', some two weeks after Silver Phil's sentenced to be hung that a-way. The Marshal gent himse'f ain't about none; bein' on some dooty over to Tueson. Silver Phil is upsta'rs on the top floor of the 'doby with his gyards. Which he's hotter than a wild cat; the gyards an' him's ben-havin' a cussin' match an' as Silver Phil outplays 'em talkin', one of 'em has done whacked him over the skelp with his gun. The blood's chasin' nown Silver Phil's fore'erd as he sits glow-

'One of the gyards is loadin' a ten-gauge Freeter gun-a mouthful of buckshot in sch shell. He's grinnia' at Silver Phil sarastle as he shoves the shells in the gun

Which I'm loadin' that weepon for on, says the gyard, contemplatin Silver hit pienty definive.
"You be, be you!" replies Silver Phil, his

es burnin' with rage, 'which you better a out a whole lot; you-all may get it the gyard laughs, ugly an' exasperatio' n' th'n puts is gauge in a locker along ith two or three Winchesters. Then he

urns the key on said firearms an' goes aperin' off to his feed. The other gyard, his compadre, is settin' in a stool lookin' outen a window. Meb-

by he's thinkin' of his sins. It would be eliver Phil, who's full of wrath an' rage at the taunts of that departed gyard, slip as hand free of the frons. Most of the

ilde of his hands comes with 'em, but sheer Phil don't care. The gyard's buck to him where he sits gazin' out an' off slong the dusty trail, where it winds gray an' hot toward Tucson. Sliver Phil o canizes, stealthy an' cat-cautious; he's or or the gyard's gun where it hangs from his self, the butt all temptin' an' su'cestive.

"As Silver Phil makes his first them laig-locks clanks a little. I ouder than the jingle of two centouse mockin' together. It's enough however: it strikes on the y'ear of that thoughtful gyard like the roar of a '44. Which he merges from that reverie with a start; he play comes cl'ar as noonday to him in moment.

"The gyard leaps without even lookin' round, to free himse'f from Silver Phil. Which he's the splinter of a second too ite. Silver Phil makes a spring like a countain lion, laig-locks an' all, an' graba se gun. As the gyard goes clatterm' late. the gun. down sta'rs, Silver Phil pumps two loads into him an' curls him up at the foot. Then Silver Phil huris the six-shooter at him, accompanied with a volley of mal'dictions.

"Without pausin' a moment, Silver Phil grains the stool an' smashes to flinders that locker that holds the ten-gauge Greener. He ain't forget none; an' he's plumb locoed to get said partic'lar weepon for the other gyard. He rips it from the rack, an' shows at the window jest as his prey comes runnin' to the rescoo of his pard; 'Oh, you! Virg Sanders!' yells Silver

Phil. The second grard looks up; an' as he does Silver Phil gives him both har'ls. Forty-two buckshot; an' that gyard's so clost he store em all! As he lays dead, Silver Phil breaks the Greener in two, an' throws, one after the other, stock an' bar'l at him.

"Which I'll show you all what happens when you leads a gun for me!" says Sive Phil.

"By now this yere artillery practice turns out the entire plaze. The folks is standle" wonderin' whatever that enthoosiast's goin to do next. No, they don't come after him none, an' I'll tell you why. Shere, thar's twenty gents lookin' on, anyone of whom so far as personal apprehensions is involved, would trail Silver Pidl single-handed that a-way, into a wolf's den. Which he'd feel plumb confident he gets away with Silver Phil an' the wolves thrown in to even up the odds. Still, all the same, no one stretches forth to capture Silver Phil on this vere voylent o'casion.

"An' these yere is the reasons. Thar's no reg'lar offishul present whoose dooty it is to rope up this Silver Phil. If sech had chanced to be ther, you can put down a stack, he'd a-come running'; an' him or Silver Plail would have caught up with them two gyards on their journey over into the beyond. An next, when it comes to private people volunteerin' for doety as murshals, felks in the Southwest goes some slothful to work. Thar's friends of the accoosedan' as a roole be ain't none friendless later mighty likely resents each zeal. in the case of Silver Phil, his captivity of the public, so far as it stands about the 'doby where Silver Phil is hived that time, is 'Three-P' adherents. Medout the is 'K-in-the-box' folks; mebby they're noo-

cape with every chance they gets,' says

one.
"That's whatever, coincides his pard;
'an' moreover this yere ain't our round-up nohow."

gent. Silver Phill allows he'll plug the sero and as it befalls his yet best branco, by gent with a file to cut losses than large locks. Which the popliars fait of a sarra interest by this time, does better. Their a classest by the special content and taken does. Silver Phill be free.

Silk this cutting action as forms which is sent the first and said their plants are free best branco. It waster a substitution in the parties of the first large and said taken place in a moment. Than's a classest and taken does not be formed.

"Silli, thus entirin' held-up goes on menach' the leading efficient as former. Which
now Silver Phil demands a bronche, brilled
an' saddled. He gives the public ten minnites if that dear di bronche in sail about
Silver Phil allows that he'll introduces
about a pound of beal into where that village father does his eight, the bronche is
appears with six minutes to spar'. Then
the vivenous Silver Phil journs off the
foof of that steep the mome bein' low an'
is in the saidle are out of sight, while as
practiced a hand as oot florging is melbry
pourln' out a drink. Where the tealt bent's
round a mesa, Silver Phil public up
"Wheor! Wheney! Whomper! for Silver
Phil', he shouts.

"Then he waves the Winchester, and as
he spurs 'round the center of the hill, it's
shore the last that spells and cardle ever
sees of Silver Phil.

"Nacherally now, son," remarked my old
friend, as he refreshed binastics of

sees of Silver Phil.

"Nacherally new, son," remarked my old friend, as he refreshed himself with a mouthful of Seet, it, and then in furies; mood to be confortable, and office and of the end of a perfecto, "you all be welln, so," train to guess wherever does from longs that news to get he on this zero deal. An it would have no time to post you; the same beln' a compact to the order of the same beln' a compact. As Silver Phil is only a graph fort.

"Not one word do we all Walves of Wolf-ville hear of them divers an' sandry saids three of Silver Phil sheatin' up his grards an' fetchin' himself free outil long after. No one in Wolfville's got Silver Phil on his mind at all; at least if he has he deems him safe an' shore in book a waitin' to be stretched Considerin' what follows, I never experiences no trouble in adoptin' Dec Peers's argyments, that them thrillin' epirodes wherein this Silver Phil figures sort of corrodes at his intellects ontil he's abso-'Bein' this Sliver Phil's a degen'rate.

declar's Peets explanatory. The splumb eary to loce. His mind as well as his moral na-cher is onbalanced congenital. Any triffin jolt, much less what that Silver Phil runs up on, is shore to overset him, sow that Silver Phil's free, but locoed in the property of the state of the sound of t

Now that Silver Phil's free, but locoed like Peets says, an' fretted no doubt by them tatalizin' gyards, it looks like he thinks of nothin' but wrechin' vengeance on all who's crossed his trail. An' with vengeance eath' at his little crim'and heart, he pints that broncho's muzzle straight as a bird flies for Wolfville. Whoever do you all reckon now he wants? Cherokee Hall? Son, you've followed off the wrong wagon track. Silver Phil' jest imagine the turpl-toode of sech a cruery wretch—is out for de of such a ornery wretch-is out for the har of Faro Nell, who defects him in them hoss-ha'r frauds that time.
"Which the first news Wolfville has of

Page in a spirit of enricelly for Silver | Four o'clock." The sun's still het an' high over the West. There's no game goin; but 'They den't wait long. Silver Phit comes out on the need of a group in front. Het some a Winchester by cow, an' he promptly throws the muzzle therefore a leading of the Carolina structure. Silver phil allows he'd dental and the leading of the companies of the damp half of the care of the west of the west of the west of the second of the companies. The west of the west of the second of the companies of the west of the west of the west of the second of the west of Nell on her lookout stod, as usual. Dan Rogens is ever across to the dance hall deer, and as it befalls, his yet best broned. It waitin' smalled in front. Hot an' drowsy:

I'm has the thews an' muscles of a chrimmon him, an' Silver Phil is only a serap of a mat. As I'm straightens up in the strrups, he tosses this Silver Phil on high to the length of his long arm, an' then he dashes lem against the flint-hard ground, which the mannover we-all witnesses it from mebby a quarter of a mile which tha manoover that a-way is shore remorseless! This Silver Phil is nothin' but shattered bones an' bleedin' pulp. He strikes them

plans like he's come from the clouds, an' is dead without a quiver.

"Thury him? No." says Old Man Enright to one who asks the question. "Let. him find his bed where he fails."

"While Enright speaks, an' jest as Dan rides up to us at the Red Light, a raven drops from above, over where this Silver Phil is layin. Then another raven an' another black an' while of wing-comes fleatin' down. A coyote yells-first with the short, sharp yeip, an' then with that mul-tiplied rattle of laughter like forty worves at once. That daylight howl of the ceyote allers means death. Shore; raven an' wolf is gatherin'. As Eoright says: 'This yere Silver Phil on't their is gatherin'. As Enright says: 'This yere Sliver Phil ain't likely to be lonesome none

to-night."

"Did you kill him, Dan? asks Faro Nell,

"Why, no, Nelle," replies Dan, as he
swings outen the stirrups an' beams on
Faro Nell. She's still a bit onstrung, bein' only a little girl when all is said. Why, no, Neille; I don't kill him none specific as Wolfville enderstands the word; but I dis-Sliver Phil, after that escape, is one even-n' about fifth drink time-or as you-all says

misses him a whole lot; an' the kyard comes jest the same for Sliver Phil.' "

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THIS QUAKER MOTHER'S TRAGIC LIFE STORY IS WOVEN IN THE WOOF OF A MURDER MYSTERY.

Lexington, Ky., Jan. 24.-Woven in the fortable sitting-room of her Nicholasville who has been brought from a comfortable died. We must adopt this boy."
and luxurious home in Jessamine County

Every Care Was Lavished to a bare, chilly room in an hombie Lexing-ten cuttage through the boy she adopted twenty-two years ago, the mystery of whose birth has never been solved. From wealth to poverty, from poverty to actual

eged murderer. Bert Aufine, the son, is charged with omplicity in the murder of J. N. Hawkins, the prominent Lexington merchant who was fatally shot on the night of December 7. He now languishes in jail, awaiting an

examining trial, while the fond mother protests his innocence. Daughter of Jonah Hole

A Prominent Quaker Minister.

Mrs. Axiline is the daughter of Jonah Hole, a Quaker minister of reputation, who preached throughout Canada, the Carolinas, New England and the Middle States. Her mother was Elizabeth, the daughter of Jon- | ingtathan Ellis, a distinguished Quaker and a Son Now Charged With native of Culpepper County, Virginia, Her grandfather was Jacob Hole, who married More Thomas daughter of the noted Revolutionary Colonel of that name.

Among the historical relics still preserved is a marriage crifficate of Willoughby Warden and Mary Howell, abcestors of Mrs. Axline, dated 1696, and bearing the signaure of William Penn, George Whitehead and other famous Quakers. Another interesting document is a lease given some of her ancestors to a part of the ground on which Philadelphia is now located, bearing the date of 1725.

Mrs. Axline was born in Champagne founty, Ohlo, where her father settled for a time, and it was there that she met the Reverened D. W. Axline, whom she afterwards married. Even before her first marriage a tragedy had darkened the life of the woman who was to meet tragely again as she neared the age of fourscore minister, the Reverend Mr. Axilne moved took charge of the Methodist Church there. While reading a county paper in the com-

mystery is the strange and tragic life-story of an aged Quaker woman and her adopted foundling son. The woman is Mrs. D. W. sympathy in her eyes, she turned to her Axline, the widow of a Methodist minister, husband and said: "Our own child has

want, are the downward steps she has rap-idly taken since her husband died, leaving the pastor to give up his charge, and to the pastor to give up his charge, and to her a valuable Bluegrass farm and the 10- turn to the open-air life of a farmer. He year-old foundling boy. And now the adopt- had accumulated some property, and his ed son, to whom she has tenaciously clung farming ventures were successful. When through all his escapades, has brought her to the position of foster mother to an alhe had made his home.

The lad soon began to run large bills at the stores, to give expensive presents other children and to otherwise indulge his extravagant caprices. The merchants were notified by Mrs. Axline not to give him credit, but they continued to do so, knowing that she would never refuse to pay the bills. Soon, through the boy's wild courses, Mrs. Axline was reduced to poverty.

Meantime Bert Axline's character was clouded by numerous escapades of more than a boyish character, and he several times figured in the police courts. About two years ago the mother moved to Lex-

Complicity in Murder.

Bert Axline occasionally obtained work. but earned no more than enough to keep body and soul together. His and his fostermother's wants gradually became more pinching, and it was often a queetion of food for the next meal. Then the detectives called at the little cottage one night, aroused young Axilne and bore him away to jail. They told the mother that they wanted him to identify another man. For some days he was held on suspicion, A murder charge has now been placed against

Mrs. Axline strenuously affirms the lungcence of her boy. "I am old and do not know what deep sleep means," she said, in his defense. "The slightest thing awakens me. I have coughing spells and am awake two or three times every night. I am too old to turn over in bed without assistance, years, for Mrs. Axine is now 78. The man | and Hert helps me. He came in at 19 o'clock that she loved was killed in an affray which the night of the Hawkins killing and went she cannot bear to mention even at this to bed. I would have heard him if he had late day. In the course of his life as a attempted to go out. The persons in the next room were awake until I o'clock that to the little town of Nicholasville, Ky., and night. They heard nothing. But I am an old woman, and the detectives won't believe



AGED MRS. AXLINE

JAMES K. HACKETY Who will give a benefit performance for the City Troop of St. Louis starch is, at the Olympic Theater. "Don Caesar's Return" will be the play.